

A D D R E S S E D  
to Mr. George Hanway Blackburn,

on Occasion  
of his Baptism

ON THE FIFTEENTH OF FEBRUARY  
MDCCLXXXII.

By one of his Godfathers, Jonas Hanway, Esq. *R*

WHEN HE WAS  
AGED LXXI AND IX MONTHS.

MDCCLXXXIV.



To John Blackburn, Esq.

Merchant.

IT will give pleasure to my heart, MY FRIEND,  
If thou wilt take the humble charge, to see  
This specimen of pious zeal preserv'd!—  
'Tis for thy son, DEAR GEORGE, the last, not least  
Of thy delights: his smiling years well suits  
The placid temper, and affections calm,  
Which have distinguish'd thy progressive days!  
May they still mark thy happiness and joy,  
With the sweet comforts of domestic peace!—  
May ALL THY CHILDREN strive to emulate,  
The CHOICEST characters of the RISING  
AGE, in which they are usher'd into life!

Such





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Such

[ + ]

Such as a tender father, and a friend,  
May view with comfort, and with thanks to heav'n!  
This is the pious wish, the anxious hope,  
Of him whose power is so limited,  
He only can, in pray'r, bid thee FAREWELL!

J. H.

REMARKS

# R E M A R K S

O N

## W R I T I N G I N V E R S E.

**I**N contemplating the most profitable use of time, we may consider the variety of ways in which men of leisure employ their talents. An attempt to write verse, has oftentimes great marks of folly: but, as there is music in every man's soul, NUMBERS, though not adorned with bold figures and similitudes, have a power of pleasing the imagination, while they warm the heart, and exalt the spirit. We see the UNLETTERED MUSE, in the repositories of the dead, pleasing her honest fancy with a jingle of words. Though a sentence from the sacred writings might have much greater weight and dignity, yet the zealous hind offers his incense to his departed friend, in words which meet his uncorrupted thoughts. His vanity leads him to think, that he can teach the companions of his fleeting hours; and it adds to the sum of

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public

public virtue :—though it is mixed with such weakness, he gratifies his charity, and leaves the rest to others, who know no better than himself; and still HE GLORIES ! Happy were it for mankind, if all who shine in the republic of letters were equally sincere and upright !

Among the candidates for literary amusement, with a zealous desire to serve mankind, though labour of mind for the sake of a peculiar arrangement of words, demonstrates folly in one view, in another it seems to prove that the public interest may be promoted by it. In the mean time, we draw the line between an effort made for a favourite occasion, not intended for publication, and that which is exposed to the common eye.

In the composition of verse, there is a latitude for energy of thought, as well as language, which prose does not allow of. There is also a warmth, bordering on a warrantable kind of enthusiasm, which gives a writer an advantage; and when his intention is pure, he may challenge an indulgence.

If POETRY and MUSIC were more generally confined to devotion, mankind would be more religious than they



they are. For the honour of NUMBERS, we are informed by the learned, that some of the most pathetic parts of the SCRIPTURES were originally written in verse; the prophetic penmen being led by a divine impulse. And it is to be presumed, that the force of NUMBERS, joined to the dignity and importance of their subject, gave them so much the more exalted powers of expression.

We justly lament the defect of a musical ear and harmony in reading: Every clergyman should learn to read POETRY, as well as PROSE: Common speech, when true, is musical. If the organist gives us sounds which excite no ideas, or improper ones, as we find in many voluntaries, and other unmeaning performances, which generally rob the SERVICE of five or ten minutes, it is time totally lost, or something worse. We cannot be insensible of the folly of requiring a DUTY, and at the same time leaving it to the discretion, perhaps, of some foolish boy, without any superintendance; in effect prostituting this part of our devotion to indolence and want of zeal.

In honour of NUMBERS, I must likewise observe, that the people of ASIA, particularly the PERSIANS, the most accomplished and polite nation in the east, are fond of

expressing their thoughts in flowing numbers, often quoting their poets in familiar conversation. Many of the ITALIANS possess a power of composing EXTEMPORE, and repeating with an amazing promptitude.

As energy of expression renders the lesson the more sententious, the musical cadence makes an impression on the fancy, and assists the memory. In this view, great use may be derived from verse. It is well known, that our most accomplished youth generally receive their first rudiments of instruction in morals, as well as in language, from VERSE. And it would be much happier for us, if it were more regularly and uniformly employed in teaching the vulgar to be devout: a well-digested hymn or two may be easily learnt, and as easily carried into the world, as a part of their religious worship. This is really practised by many of the most pious among our indigent fellow-subjects.—

In the same manner, those who move in a higher sphere, ought, more generally, to learn from our best poets, SALUTARY maxims to enrich their minds, and at once furnish an amusing contemplation, with instruction in rules of religious, moral, and prudential conduct.

Such are the happy effects of poetry; and when the subject is sanctified, and the MUSE can stand the test of the candour of a FRIEND, the CRITICK not being appealed to, cannot be provoked. Professed poets sometimes mistake a strong DESIRE, for a genius; and we should excuse them in all cases where the merit rests on the quantity of the good they do. As to the poetry which corrupts the heart, it ought to be carried to the account of folly and impiety. A fool in verse or in prose, makes but little difference. Though his vanity may be most distinguished by his NUMBERS, and elevate his imagination by a greater ambition for applause, the more corrupt his sentiments are, as they may be the most easily remembered by his reader, they generally become the greater instruments of vice, and consequently the greater pest of society.

The wily ways of flattery, in all ages, have been most easily recommended by the harmony of numbers; as if the want of sense or honesty could be concealed by words and sound. PANEGYRICK in verse is generally received as the most pleasing incense to vanity; as LAMPOON is the most pungent and mortifying when it appears in a poetical garb.



In the mean time, the MUSE that seeks the HERO, may do justice to her powers ; but where the rapture is employed upon the knave, or the fool, because his fortune is great, his title sounding, or his office high ; or for the vile ends of gratifying the poet's own corrupt heart, though he may have wit enough to know what it is he wants, he may not have honesty sufficient to entitle him to any other notice than disdain.

He who writes for fame, and apprehends he shall live in the harmony of his numbers, ought to think of his REAL IMMORTALITY, and dispense his charity, by teaching others the way to heaven. If his talent, which depends so much on the imagination, should make him fancy that he has acquired the heaven he seeks, it may be uncharitable to rob him of it ; but if he prophanes his pen by an immoral strain, the better the POET the more contemptible the MAN, and the more he ought to be branded with infamy to posterity.

With regard to NUMBERS simply considered, nothing that bears the name of poetry is so easy as BLANK VERSE. As to RHYME, more command of language is necessary. I should not easily excuse myself for attempting MRS.

PENNY'S



PENNY'S EULOGY, had I not been desirous of making a PIOUS OFFERING at her tomb, in acknowledgment of her virtues, and in memory of her talent in poetry; several circumstances also combining to tempt me, old as I am, FOR ONCE, to indulge myself in an enterprize of this kind. Let us think of ourselves as we may, with too much humility, or too little attention to the opinion of others, where the heart is not depraved, nor the judgment degraded, the event becomes indifferent.

May, 1784.

J. H.

P R E F A C E.

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## P R E F A C E.

“ **T**HAT there's a GOD all nature cries aloud !”

Whene'er we view th' extended horizon,  
 And all the glories blazing from the sun :  
 The moon, the stars, the tree, and ev'ry herb,  
 With the more subtle produce of the earth,  
 Or the bold ruder MATTER it contains,  
 We are convinced of the important truth !  
 But, above all, let MAN survey HIMSELF,  
 And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry moral thought,  
 Will prove his great divine original !  
 Fixed in dread amazement he will feel,  
 There's a divinity within his breast,  
 Which leads him to co-operate with heav'n,  
 And blest the earth with plenty, and with joy !  
 Such was the doctrine of the PRINCE OF PEACE,

Who testify'd his vast philanthropy,  
 Even by spilling his most precious blood!—  
 By this the CHRISTIAN triumphs o'er the world.  
 Learning the will of GOD, he thus dispels,  
 The darkness which base ignorance and sin,  
 Have spread around th' afflicted face of earth.

To this great end, let us survey with care  
 'The solemn vow made at the HOLY FONT,  
 As prelude to that real CHRISTIAN life,  
 Which, in a land of liberty and truth,  
 Becomes essential to her happiness.  
 'This vow, which strikes the CHRISTIAN heart with awe,  
 By the prevailing custom of the world,  
 The representative oft proves supine,  
 As if his TRUST had no significance!

My theme is holy, by its pure design,  
 The sacred love due to posterity :  
 And I, advent'rous, leave the common track ;

Yet



Yet take no strange nor visionary flight,  
 Soaring on plumage of poetic wings ;  
 Words are the pictures and the pledge of Thoughts,  
 The less obscure, the greater praise is due :  
 And sober sense, with pure instruction fraught,  
 To those who wisely hear a USEFUL WORD,  
 May meet a blessing from each honest heart !

## TO THE INFANT.

CREATURE OF GOD, redeem'd by CHRIST his son,  
 From the mysterious origin of things ;  
 Thy being wonderful, 'bove human ken !  
 Thou, who from awful silence art call'd forth,  
 To ACT A PART in this amazing scene !  
 If thy soft TENDER thread remains unbroke,  
 To give thy thoughts their bent, thy soul to mount,  
 On TIME's strong wings, to REASON's glorious throne ;  
 The vital air which animates thy frame,  
 Unhurt by any foul DISASTROUS BLOW,  
 Will give thee mental strength to THINK and ACT.

SUBJECT thou art to many STRANGE EVENTS,  
 From moral, and from nat'ral causes dire,  
 Beyond the pow'r of language to describe ;

And

And yet 'twere folly to indulge distrust,  
 Or check thy ardour for the great reward  
 Promis'd the faithful real sons of GOD !  
 When thy dear parents view thy infant sport,  
 Which by the kindness of great NATURE'S laws,  
 The mind untaught so beautifully displays,  
 And see thee starting into youth and fame ;  
 What deed can such transporting joy excel !

SOON as OLD TIME shall have matur'd thy pow'rs  
 To relish this warm labour of thy friend,  
 Think of thy nat'ral parents tender care !  
 Receive THEIR BLESSING, when with pious love,  
 With patriarchal dignity and zeal,  
 They beg the Father of mankind to guard  
 Thy youthful steps, and keep thee in his ways.  
 Then pay thy tribute of pure gratitude !  
 This, like a princely crown, adorn'd with gems,  
 Gives honour and bright character to man :

'Tis

'Tis the true test of a religious heart,  
 A WILL corrected, and a MIND inform'd.  
 Thy FILIAL duty, and thy love unfeign'd,  
 Will give THEM comfort, in advanced years,  
 And grace THEIR hoary temples with true joy.  
 Let grey experience and affection prov'd,  
 Render thee patient when thou art controll'd.

FIRST take a solemn comprehensive view  
 Of christian institutes and pious laws,  
 THE MYSTIC WASHING OFF OF ADAM'S SIN,  
 A sign of holy rites, justly ordain'd,  
 To be observed with religious care ! ——  
 Be mindful of to-day's baptismal vow,  
 Made in the name of CHRIST, whose sacred blood  
 Was spilt to wash away the sinful stains  
 Which cleave to man in this his pilgrimage.

CALL oft' to mind the blessed words of him  
 Who, in allusion to simplicity,

Pronounc'd



Pronounc'd the infant-mind of heav'nly cast.  
 Rejoice, and let thy heart in triumph spring,  
 For HE the MIGHTY LORD hath vanquish'd,  
 This world of sin, and chain'd iniquity!—  
 Observe his laws with all thy mind and soul,  
 And thou wilt surely find the key of life,  
 Which ope's the prospect of celestial bliss!

IF my devotion to thy perfect good,  
 And all my wishes for thy happy years,  
 Can help thee forward thro' the wiles of life,  
 Receive them in thy CHRISTIAN NAME, dear GEORGE!  
 And be a CHRISTIAN, as thy highest praise!  
 If a life spent in struggles and in toils,  
 Beset with snares and perils numerous,  
 Can furnish lessons fitted to thy state:  
 If thou canst gather aught from hoary age,  
 Soaring on hope and faith on trembling wings,  
 This is my blessing!—

And

And be thou happy wherefoe'er thou go'st,  
The darling of mankind, a child of GOD!

THE earth itself is pregnant with delights,  
And to the VIRTUOUS brings forth joys sincere:  
Use them, as far as REASON will allow,  
They are the instruments of good to men.  
It is on record by our LAUREL'D BARD,  
“ Life's but a WALKING SHADOW, a POOR PLAY'R,  
“ That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
“ And then is heard no more.—It is a tale  
“ Told by an IDEOT, full of sound and fury,  
“ Signifying nothing!”——  
And true it is, the TRANSIT is so quick,  
'Tis like a bird's fanning the passive air,  
Leaving no traces of her passage through:  
Yet in the hands of the GREAT LORD OF LIFE,  
Behold the glories of the mid-day sun,  
Stedfast in hope of brighter joys in view;  
Joys which endure, when TIME shall be no more!

" NOR love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,  
 " LIVE WELL ; how long or short, permit to heav'n."  
 Thus may thy years be blest'd ; thy hours roll on,  
 Calm and unruffled as true piety !  
 If fair obedience, with an humble mind,  
 Reigns in thy heart, thy duty will be sweet :  
 Thou wilt be render'd glad by hope and faith—  
 And wait the issue—with a manly grace !

BE a true blessing to the sons of men,  
 Growing in virtue, as thy years increase.  
 Trust to thyself with care : Seek HEAVEN'S aid.  
 PRESUMPTION is the pestilence of MAN,  
 Th' enchanting wand which fascinates our youth,  
 And draws us into FOLLY'S wanton snares.  
 Do thou exert the firm and nerved arm  
 Of calm REFLEXION and DISCERNMENT just,  
 Which holds things up devoid of all disguise.



WHERE PRUDENCE rules, and constancy prevails,  
 The joys of giddy dissipation sink,  
 And all their false and gaudy colours fade.  
 Excess, which ever blasts the proffer'd bliss,  
 Proves but a grave to real happiness.  
 'Tis REASON'S glory, and RELIGION'S law,  
 In all things to be TRULY TEMPERATE !

BEFORE thou giv'st them breath, weigh well thy WORDS ;  
 So shall thy WISDOM with thy SAFETY meet,  
 And keeping pace join hands, as faithful friends.  
 Remember that thy DEEDS are seen by GOD !—  
 And balance all thy THOUGHTS before his face !

THIS world's a prelude to another state,  
 Where all thy wants will be absorb'd in bliss.  
 Mean while thy BODY and thy SOUL unite,  
 To offer worship to the GOD of truth !—  
 To keep thy person CLEAN and FITLY DREST,

As



As suits thy fortune, well deserves thy care.  
 But he who spends his time in labour'd arts  
 Of decoration, puerile and weak,  
 Which every wind from heav'n may blow away,  
 Becomes a slave to CUSTOM and to PRIDE,  
 To FASHION'S votaries, and FOLLY'S train.  
 He feeds his FANCY whilst his JUDGMENT starves ;  
 Paying more honour to his earthly part,  
 Than suits the time he should allot to heav'n.

WHATE'ER the weakness of thy mind may be,  
 Preserve thy kindness, keep thy temper calm.  
 Of all the passions which distort the soul,  
 ANGER, the most ferocious, ever dwells  
 In the FOOL'S bosom who indulges it.  
 The WISE are guarded, and retain their strength,  
 Ready, as reason dictates, to perform  
 The duty which distinguishes, and marks  
 Their character, among the sons of men.

Guard well thy spirit, give no HASTY WORD,  
But let maturest thought thy heart control!

JUDGE not of HAPPINESS by outward pomp;  
'Tis oft pre-eminence in misery.  
Self-knowledge is confest the chiefest boon  
That heav'n permits to mortals here on earth:  
Know then that FORTUNE may be very kind,  
And yet thy cup be nauseous to thy taste.  
To court the GOOD, and to avoid the ILL,  
And gain instruction even from her frowns,  
Is the great secret of the life of man!  
It is a prelude to unmixed joys!  
'Tis sense and fortitude which gives the pow'r  
Of true enjoyment: the GOOD are always  
Calm and resign'd, and feel the heav'n they seek.  
Be their lot good, or if perchance 'tis ill,  
Still they submit, enjoying sweet content!—  
Without contentment, life's a wretched scene,

And with it, we enjoy a paradise.—  
That which depends on various accidents,  
Is not the object of man's STEADY TRUST.

SPARINGLY spend, and punctually pay,  
Is a sound maxim, which, if well observ'd,  
Would blunt the darts of human misery !  
Attend to MONEY as a useful thing ;  
'Tis proof of wisdom to employ it right :  
As fools are noted by their SQUANDERING.  
Tho' as a servant truly excellent,  
It is not fit to be a sov'reign lord.  
If it sink deep into thy inmost soul,  
Thou wilt endanger thy best interest,  
And change the object of religious fear,  
Into most gross and vile idolatry !

DURING the course of my long lab'ring life,  
Full of adventure and anxiety,

How

How often have I seen convulsions strange,  
 Created by the frenzy of dark avarice,  
 Plunging poor mortals into sore distress.—  
 Keep a strict watch o'er all thy appetites,  
 And tame thy passions by a just control.

SEEK thy good fortune, nor disdain DUE PRAISE ;  
 If REPUTATION follows, treat it well ;  
 But be not anxious for the praise of men ;  
 'Tis often but the breath of ignorance,  
 Or partial love, or friendship uninform'd.  
 The best of our most brilliant deeds, is oft  
 Malign'd, and constru'd as if stain'd with sin ;  
 Whilst actions in themselves replete with blame,  
 Are falsely honour'd, and accounted wise !  
 'Tis difficult to understand ourselves,  
 Much more to fathom hearts in other men.  
 Keep thyself free from CENSURE's poison'd darts :  
 Let the soft milk of human kindness swell

Thy



Thy mind with pure and wide expanded love,  
And in soft pity imitate thy god !

WHEN CONSCIENCE bids thee do the thing that's right,  
And thou supine and slothful still demur'st,  
Think of thy ANCIENT FRIEND, who frowning says,  
" Beware of PUTTING-OFF, 'tis virtue's bane."  
Will not TO-MORROW answer full as well ?  
" Alas ! my son, to-morrow is not thine !  
" But if TO-MORROW comes, it brings with it  
" The mind's disease, and labour of the day ;  
" It does not cure the mental malady !  
" Consider well th' UNCERTAINTY of life !  
" Thou hast no more than the precarious chance,  
" To view to-morrow's light, or golden sun :  
" Hardly account the present hour secure.  
" He that defers his work from day to day,  
" Can never truly call a day his own :  
" He ne'er will weep THAT HE HAS LOST A DAY,

" In

" In which he might have done some real good !  
 " Nor will his MINUTES 'scape the same sad fate :  
 " He will decline his DAILY ORISONS,  
 " Defrauding heaven of its sacred right :  
 " And fondly say—'twill do some other time !  
 " PROCRASTINATION is the plan of fools :  
 " It is the system of the worthless mind,  
 " That's never ready for the present call.  
 " The DUTY of the hour is shuffled off,  
 " 'Till not an hour of fleeting life remains,  
 " And millions cannot purchase what is lost !"

THUS might he speak the words of friendship true,  
 Devoid of FLATTERY's pernicious snares.  
 Whate'er the object be which most attracts,  
 Let not thy heart revolt 'gainst REASON's throne :  
 But judgment guide thee in thy choice of joys ;  
 Watchful to taste them, only when SECURE.  
 Keep awful distance from FORBIDDEN ground,

Ever

Ever most jealous of the holy trust,  
Which sacred virtue gives into thy charge;  
That MODERATION never lose her pow'r,  
Nor dire DELUSIONS captivate thy soul!

WHEN INCLINATION'S brib'd by CUNNING SENSE,  
And PASSION fawning, lures thee into sin,  
Flee from the object; treat it with disdain:  
Flee from thyself; or rather seek thy heart:  
Ask it this question: "What OUGHT I to do?"  
And let GRAVE DUTY be thy counsellor!

THINK not of PLEASURE falsely understood,  
But of sweet COMFORT, with the joys that spring  
From STEADY HOPE, and the assurance firm,  
That ALL's deceptious, which is not design'd,  
To be the instrument of that great good,  
Which Heav'n has promis'd to its faithful friends.  
If thou hast patience, and stand'st firm in FAITH,



Still doing what is right, avoiding wrong,  
 Thou wilt be blest indeed, in heav'nly joys !  
 O MY LOV'D YOUTH, be to thyself a guard,  
 Commision'd by thy reason and thy faith,  
 Thy trust in GOD who gave thy pulse to beat ;  
 Still, still imploring his most gracious aid  
 To keep thy spirit fix'd, thy judgment sound,  
 Thy fancy aw'd, and held within due bounds !

REMEMBER this : such as thy MIND shall be,  
 Jaundic'd or healthy, so will objects seem,  
 Bright or o'erwhelm'd with sadness and dismay.  
 For as the current of thy thoughts may run  
 Pure or perturb'd, thy days will pass in calm,  
 Or vexed with inclement boist'rous skies.

LET not the TRAV'LING YEAR proclaim thy shame :  
 Wander not thoughtless out of VIRTUE's paths :  
 For, sure as thou exist'st, the day will come,

When



When thou must render up a strict account  
 Before the Judge seated on heav'n's throne.  
 Cheat not thyself with dreams of earthly bliss :  
 All that is virtue's bane, is vanity :  
 'Tis pregnant with fore misery and death !—  
 Think on thy march through Life's most crooked ways :  
 The journey may be toilsome, but not long.  
 Take heed to all thy steps, thy slipp'ry road,  
 That thou may'st gain the PRIZE, the joyful fight,  
 The transports pure, the blissful company,  
 Of angels which surround the throne of GOD !

GUARD well thy breast from PRIDE and SERVILE fear :  
 Maintain thy dignity, and just esteem,  
 So shall humility endear thy name,  
 And make thy pray'rs thy faithful messengers,  
 To gain admittance at the gates of heav'n !  
 Thus all thy faculties in measure sweet,  
 Will keep just time, and harmonize thy soul.

TRUST not to NEGLIGENCE, 'tis WISDOM's foe ;  
 'Tis FOLLY's advocate ; and VICE's friend !  
 It is the property of SLOTH and INDOLENCE,  
 To generate FALSE SHAME and COWARDICE,  
 Forsaking ev'ry true and manly thought.  
 Fearful to own omiffions which reproach,  
 Or doing that which blushens REASON's face,  
 It seeks defence in FALSEHOOD and deceit,  
 And may insult thy trueft best of friends !  
 Man, SINFUL MAN, is ever prone to ill ;  
 But there is glory in confeffing faults :  
 This is the principle, on which to build  
 The hope, that VIRTUE will again RETURN ;  
 And that the tribute which is due to TRUTH,  
 (The effence of th' Almighty's attributes)  
 Will be prefented with humility !  
 Nor without this, can the foul heart be cleans'd,  
 From the dark guilt which cleaves to mortal fin.

O GUARD thy soul, my son, from FALSEHOOD's stains,  
 Left the pollution should defeat all hope,  
 And hurl thee down the precipice of woe,  
 Never to serve FAIR REPUTATION more !  
 So shalt thou gain th' applause of heav'n's great judge,  
 Obtaining honour and just fame on earth,  
 Grow up and flourish like the verdant tree,  
 Refresh'd and water'd on fair JORDAN's banks !

KEEP thou the steady path of RECTITUDE ;  
 Though often baffled, still contend for TRUTH ;  
 And let right knowledge regulate thy zeal.  
 Chuse thy COMPANION among righteous men,  
 Such as discern, and judge with placid minds.  
 The honest and the brave assimilate.—  
 As thy companions are, so thou wilt be :  
 The TRIFLING or PROPHANE, who sport in sin,  
 And treat heav'n's statutes as an idle dream,  
 Will hardly fail to make thee like themselves,  
 Or spurn thee as unfit to mix with them.



EMPLOY thy talents to the noblest ends,  
 Nor tire in DOING GOOD : 'tis the bright praise,  
 The grand prerogative of WISDOM's sons!—  
 The HARDEST LABOUR ought to be preferr'd,  
 To gloomy INDOLENCE, or USELESS LIFE.  
 Be to the POOR a father and a friend,  
 They are protected by the GOD of all!  
 Happy is he, whose every hour is spent  
 In doing good, tho' to the meanest child  
 Of sad AFFLICTION, oft imploring aid!  
 What can exalt the soul or shine more bright,  
 Than succour offer'd with a contrite heart?—  
 To furnish SPLENDID opportunities,  
 Is the condition of few states in life.  
 Let not the joy of giving sacred aid  
 To the forlorn, dejected, humble HIND,  
 Be deem'd unworthy of thy noblest aim!  
 He is a MAN, the likeness of a GOD,  
 Thy fellow-creature in similitude.



The first, the greatest friend the world e'er saw,  
 Busied himself incessant in such works.  
 The deed replete with good, will find reward,  
 And heaven and earth will echo loud applause !

FORGET not what the CHRISTIAN doctrines teach,  
 And guard thy CHASTITY with watchful eye !  
 What millions, in the course of fleeting time,  
 Hath LAWLESS COMMERCE swept from off the earth !  
 Unnumber'd victims have been offer'd up,  
 To that dark sin, which wars against the soul,  
 As if the daring sinner did not know  
 Of the pure laws divulged by his GOD !  
 'Gainst such delusions guard thy youthful heart,  
 Humbly obedient, in the sight of heav'n.  
 The CHRISTIAN name is gladness to the heart ;  
 No name so worthy of attentive care !

LET not thy fancy lead thee into paths,  
 Which point to darkness and to misery !

Not

Not apt to yield to soft alluring smiles,  
 Beyond the measure of true fortitude :  
 Soon as discretion warrants, be allied :  
 Marriage, " the pattern of celestial peace,"  
 In minds attuned by a mutual love,  
 In placid tempers, and in chearful hearts,  
 Gives a true relish, and a zest to life.  
 For man oft wanders, poor and comfortless,  
 Feeling his want of a fit social mate :  
 Where the love is, there should the object be.  
 From sacred wedlock social ties succeed ;  
 'Tis the great fountain whence the current flows,  
 That gives existence to our native land.  
 Yet ill consider'd as unfitly pair'd,  
 It oft produces strange calamity ;  
 While FALSE REFINEMENTS, which obstruct the knot,  
 As ill accord with man's propensities !

PRUDENCE, in every state, has potent charms,  
 To silence murmur, and remove disgust,

That

That the swift course of life may smoothly run.  
 WOMAN is fram'd to claim the softest words,  
 The gentlest manners, and the kindest laws :  
 And in return she owes the blandishments  
 Of honest love, and humblest modesty.  
 From hence arise concord and calm repose,  
 The purest consolation heav'n can lend,  
 To cheer man in his wayward pilgrimage !

LET no vain pride obstruct thy happiness :  
 Consult great nature's laws, and rule thy heart,  
 By reason's dictates, and religion's pow'r.—  
 'Tis the perfection of the upright mind,  
 To seek for means of doing good,—and good  
 To our own offspring, gives the greater charm.  
 There soft parental love reaches the heart ;  
 The soul inspir'd by charity divine,  
 Pleads the true cause of INFANT PURITY.  
 It is an emblem of his bright tenderness,



Who watches o'er the ways of helpless man,  
Still fraught with mercy and benignant smiles !

BE thou a champion to the FEMALE world :  
The labours of the field, commerce, and war,  
Domestic duties, and mechanic arts,  
Afford most ample scope for nerved arms.  
SCIENCE, and all its wide appendages,  
Belong to men ; but if assuming RIGHT,  
They arrogate the FEMALE OFFICES,  
'Tis an offence 'gainst heaven's pure decrees,  
Which calls for justice and true policy !

IF 'tis essential to the soul to THINK,  
Let no day pass without contemplating  
Man's great REDEMPTION, and IMMORTAL state !  
The deepest wound to human happiness,  
Is to neglect the interest of the soul ;  
Departing from the great œconomy,

For



For which the mighty pow'r of thought was giv'n.  
 The highest pleasure which weak man can taste,  
 Is LOOKING FORWARD with a heart elate,  
 Making ev'n DEATH subservient to his wish!

O GUARD thy soul, from the example foul,  
 Which spreads contagion o'er a THOUGHTLESS world,  
 And forms a dreadful LABYRINTH of woe!  
 Free from perturbed thoughts and bodings dire,  
 The KING OF TERRORS may approach at will,  
 And thou look on, with calm indifference.  
 Howe'er disturb'd thy struggling life may be,  
 Heav'n grant thee comfort in thy dying hour!  
 DEATH is the balm of life to those who hope  
 To end their sorrows, and the numerous train  
 Of ills, which cleave to our imperfect state.  
 The soul secure defies each mortal wound,  
 Feeling herself to be invincible.  
 All that this world can give, passes away

So rapidly, 'tis as the midnight watch,  
 When anxiously we wait th' approach of morn.  
 TIME makes his flight so swiftly o'er the earth,  
 Scarce do we feel we live, ere life is gone.  
 Imperial ROME, by TIME's devouring steps,  
 Lies in sad ruins, all her tow'rs o'erthrown.  
 What then is the poor tenement of man?  
 But still 'tis MATTER only that decays :  
 THOU HAST A SPIRIT that will never die !

FROM PRIVATE VIRTUE we ascend the scale,  
 Which elevates the mind to public love ;  
 And 'tis a part of thy religious care,  
 To benefit the land which gave thee life.  
 E'en with thy latest, thy expiring breath,  
 Implore the blessings and the smiles of heav'n.  
 Still to thyself and thy dear country true !——  
 “ CELESTIAL LIBERTY !—Thy potent charms,  
 “ Can tame the wildest passion of the soul.

“ Thy

" Thy pow'r exalted, rightly understood,  
 " Proves thy descent to be from heav'n's high throne !"  
 COMMAND unlimited perverts the mind :  
 'Tis LAW which claims thy truest reverence :  
 When this is founded on a solid base,  
 Held up by precepts fraught with wisdom's lore,  
 'Tis glory to obey authority !  
 The HAUGHTY humour which intoxicates,  
 Or th' insanity of licentiousness,  
 The ebullitions of corrupted WILL,  
 The madness which confounds all sober sense ;—  
 Avoid their influence as thou would'st the plague !  
 Dare not affront the majesty of TRUTH,  
 By turbulent or frivolous complaints,  
 Such as our various clime and genius cause,  
 When we forget the debt we owe to heav'n !  
 Even the fond reliance on reform,  
 Not yet matur'd by skill, nor diligence,  
 Proves that the evil lodges in our HEARTS,  
 Which must be cleansed ere they can be pure..

BE not deceiv'd by false appearances;  
 HOPE, not supported on true principles,  
 Gives being to the PARADISE OF FOOLS.  
 But he that hopeth right, himself doth aid,  
 Dispels the gloom and folly of DESPAIR,  
 And vanquishes that dreadful enemy,  
 Potent in MORALS as in POLITICS !

THE MANNERS of the age in which thou'rt born,  
 Are but ill suited to great VIRTUE's cause !  
 Assist our RULERS in their just pursuits :  
 Be not UNDONE by thine own erring heart !  
 It is not mirth, nor artful argument,  
 Nor all th' enchanting pow'rs of eloquence,  
 Can give support to a declining state ;  
 But well-pois'd measures, prudent and most wise,  
 With fair esteem for moral rectitude,  
 And a firm trust in heaven's gracious aid !

PRIDE, when let loose, plays havoc all around,  
 Regardless of the WHIRLWIND conjur'd up.



CONFUSION and wild ANARCHY ensue,  
 DESPAIR and RUIN follow at their heels.  
 Guard well thy heart; with cautious steps proceed :  
 Dare not disturb sweet social peace and love ;  
 And yet be watchful of great FREEDOM'S RIGHTS !  
 Many do yet maintain the interest  
 Of that exalted POW'R, great CHRISTIAN PEACE.  
 If wild ambition should usurp her throne,  
 And lead her captive with insulting taunts,  
 Do THOU maintain thy ground, that virtue may  
 Restore her reign, and give her dignity ;  
 Open the mental eye, to see the great  
 Design, why HEAV'N, in mercy to our sins,  
 Is patient and forbearing, suffering long !—  
 Our GOD is just :—HIS wisdom cannot err ;  
 And justice arm'd with terror still awaits  
 The sons of folly and of wickedness !—

MAINTAIN, my friend, thy sweet PHILANTHROPY,  
 Unchain'd by any PARTY-PREJUDICE ;

'Tis CHRISTIAN CHARITY and love sincere,  
 The brightest earnest of the joys above!—  
 Think of the maxim of the HONEST MAN;  
 “ No END is noble, where the MEANS are base.”  
 And base must be the conduct that declines  
 The moral rectitude and measure just.  
 The nation's lustre, is the nation's right;  
 And acts that foil bright HONOUR's sacred name,  
 Should be esteem'd as national disgrace,  
 By ev'ry trusty friend of virtue's cause!

To the great will of GOD refer thyself,  
 That DARKNESS may for ever yield to LIGHT,  
 To the meridian day which shines abroad,  
 In the full glories of MESSIAH's reign!  
 If, in obedience to his high behest,  
 We do our MANNERS and our THOUGHTS control,  
 And tread the mazy range of politics,  
 With TRUTH, with moral and religious care,

Soon

Soon will the land be drest in smiles of peace,  
 And groves and lawns, and streams of num'rous kinds,  
 The mountains that o'ertop the floating clouds,  
 Or rocks that rise in formidable pow'r,  
 Will catch our fight with variegated charms,  
 And foolish enmity will flee dismay'd !

WHAT has disturb'd the world from age to age,  
 But PRIDE and VANITY, and contests fore,  
 With all the terrors of FIERCE DISCORD's train ?  
 'Tis time to banish them to their abode,  
 The darkest regions of infernal shades !  
 Let love of honour be thy ruling thought ;  
 THYSELF being virtuous thou may'st truly say,  
 Thy country's honour still remains with life :  
 Tho' in a dreadful hour, gasping for breath,  
 Yet may'st thou hope that she will still survive !  
 Suppose that others, upright as thyself,  
 Have hearts that burn in their dear country's cause !  
 So will thy mind find consolation sweet,



Tranquil and safe, while the fierce billows roar,  
And dash their waves against our chalky cliffs !

THUS shalt thou soar in humble confidence,  
Winging thy flight by pray'r to heav'n's throne !

“ O THOU SUPREME, THOU EVERLASTING GOD !  
“ Teach me thy statutes, guide me in thy paths !  
“ Let all my youthful lively days be thine,  
“ Nor less my progress in advanced years.  
“ Protect my steps through ev'ry stage of life;  
“ And be my TENDER FATHER, and my GOD !  
“ All that exists is thine, ALMIGHTY LORD !  
“ Be thou MY breast-plate and defensive shield !  
“ Not in th' extreme, to mark my foul misdeeds,  
“ But purge them off, by HIS most sacred blood,  
“ Who died upon the cross for sinful man !—  
“ Frail and most indigent, expos'd to ill,  
“ Give me thy aid and comfort from above,  
“ That I may execute thy will in ev'ry thought,

“ Revere



" Revere thy majesty, which shines around,  
 " And fills the earth with glories infinite !—  
 " When as a faithful soldier I have fought,  
 " And my true labours in thy service done,  
 " By an unshaken confidence and trust !  
 " Let me acceptance in thy kingdom find,  
 " And my big heart o'erflow with grateful praise !"

PERSUASIVE eloquence will ever dwell  
 On that sweet tongue which pleads THE FEAR OF GOD !  
 Ever remember who doth represent,  
 Th' ALMIGHTY FATHER and the FRIEND of man !  
 Whose but thy FATHER'S and thy MOTHER'S EYE,  
 Can claim pre-eminence in thy esteem ?  
 In them thou surely wilt PROTECTION find,  
 And their PARENTAL BLESSING ever should,  
 Be the choice object of thy anxious wish !  
 So 'tis decreed by Heaven's high behest,  
 As the condition of felicity !

IF such thy constant, daily pray'r shall be,  
 Whene'er thy curtain drops, thy exit made,  
 It will delight even the mourning heart;  
 And be a prelude to that glorious scene,  
 In which the great MESSIAH will appear,  
 Armed with JUSTICE, clad in MERCY's robe,  
 Surrounded by th' angelic hosts of heav'n!—  
 Prostrate before th' exalted throne of GOD,  
 The adamantine gates will open wide,  
 And bid thee WELCOME to the realms of joy!

T H E E N D.

14 JY 60

T O

To the Memory of

Mrs. A N N P E N N Y,

who died on the 24th of MARCH, 1784, aged 53,

the day before two odes composed by her were sung by a choir  
of singing boys, on occasion of the anniversary meeting  
of the corporation of the MARINE SOCIETY.

BLEST shade ! whose lays we piously rehearse,  
Applaud thy muse and celebrate thy verse ;  
In thy harmonious strains the christian shines,  
The grace's choir with thy sweet pow'rs combines.  
Sacred to ancient bards renown'd in song,  
Who whilom dwelt on SNOWDON's mountains strong ;  
Or the enamour'd maid on ICELAND's shore,  
Feels the warm dart, and bleeds at ev'ry pore (a).

(a) Alludes to two of her poems.

Bright

Bright as thy just and elevated heart,  
 Which social pleasure ever did impart ;  
 Grateful, attentive, amicably kind,  
 And to the wants of others never blind.  
 In understanding clear, in judgment sound,  
 In every fortune always placid found.  
 Long had'st thou tried AFFLICTION's healing rod,  
 Humbly submissive to the will of GOD !  
 Ne'er held a captive to a golden dream,  
 But gliding gently on life's limpid stream ;  
 As conscious virtue ever fill'd thy breast,  
 Thy joy return'd, in filial love confest (b).  
 In TIME's revolving hours we seek relief,  
 And find in virtue, what we owe to grief.  
 The soft remembrance of departed friends,  
 Is a due tribute to life's noblest ends.—

Thy

(b) Her son by her first husband, Capt. Hugh Christian, the gallant navy captain who commanded the batteries at Rhode Island when Count d'Estaing was repulsed.



Thy spirit fled to awful realms above,  
 Where sacred friendship reigns with heav'nly love,  
 This CHOIR of INNOCENTS shall chaunt thy praise,  
 And to thy honour their sweet voices raise :  
 Whilst thy exalted soul now resteth free,  
 In hope thy BRIGHT CREATOR's face to see !

Soft be thy slumbers in the peaceful grave !—

As the bright radiance of the GOLDEN sun Restores to Nature all her verdant charms : From this memorial, let us gravely think,	That tho' to mortal eyes, we seem to die, We shall again return to glorious life ! And living as we ought, thus learn the way,
--	--

Like PENNY, to convey instruction wise !

These last eight lines relate to the decorations of this monumental memorial in green and gold, with the angel of peace, making part of the furniture of the MARINE SOCIETY's court room,

The first and most important  
of these is the fact that  
the power of the State is  
not to be used in the  
interest of any particular  
individual or class of  
individuals.

The second is the fact that  
the power of the State is  
not to be used in the  
interest of any particular  
individual or class of  
individuals.

The third is the fact that  
the power of the State is  
not to be used in the  
interest of any particular  
individual or class of  
individuals.

To the Memory of

J A M E S M A T H I A S, Esq.

of L O N D O N, merchant, who died in M.DCC.LXXXII.

In all his concerns, regular, upright, and attentive,  
accurate in accounts, and as a merchant most punctual.

His benevolence rendered him constantly placid :

his vivacity and good sense engaging.

By his readiness to succour the distressed,  
he proved that he acted on genuine principles of christianity.

His large experience and sound judgment enabled him to be  
of eminent service in commercial contests.

He was continually appealed to as an arbitrator,  
and frequently appointed an executor.

The same tongue which so often uttered melodious sounds,  
and advanced the empire of harmony,  
thus prevented discord, and the calamitous effects of suits at law.

He was deficient, as being a single man ;

but his paternal regard to his numerous relations  
was the more distinguished ;

demonstrating that, as the married man is the best subject,

the

the batchelor may be the best friend.  
 Thus filling up his span of seventy-two years,  
 he descended to the grave with honour.  
 Though in the great view of life,  
 The most brilliant reports of men's virtues after death  
 vanish as a shadow or the whistling of the wind,  
 let us pay the tribute of pious gratitude  
 to the memory of the deserving.  
 Deeds of arms are not atchieved  
 without making widows and orphans of friends and foes ;  
 and heaven frowns on unprovoked war.  
 Whatever joys the triumphs of victories afford to men,  
 Angels may weep at human misery.  
 Whilst we honour the warrior who behaves bravely,  
 let not the sober citizen, who delighted in drying up tears,  
 be buried in oblivion. 14 JY 60  
 If private affection had no share in this memorial,  
 the good qualities of JAMES MATHIAS  
 give him a title to be recorded  
 in the annals of public love :  
 And though no marble trophy should be raised to his fame,  
 his merits are registered in the hearts of the virtuous,  
 which is an illustrious monument !